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FABLES OF FLORA.

(321 E.)

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

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——SYLVAS SALTUSQUE SEQUAMUR,
INTACTOS—— VIRG.

ARMINE AND ELVIRA:

A LEGENDARY TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY MR. CARTWRIGHT.

DUBLIN:

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TO THE

COUNTESS

OF

HERTFORD.

MADAM,

THERE is a tax upon the Name of the Counteſs of HERTFORD, an hereditary obligation to patronize the Muſes; and in times like theſe, when their influence, I will not ſay their reputation, is on the decline, they can by no means diſpenſe with ſo eſſential a privilege. I intreat you, Madam, to take the following poems under your protection. They were written with an unaffected wiſh to promote the love of Nature and the intereſts of Humanity. On the credit of ſuch motives I lay them at your feet, and beg to be eſteemed,

MADAM,

Your moſt devoted and
moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN LANGHORNE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the following Poems, the Plan of Fable is enlarged, and the province extended. To the original NARRATIVE *and* MORAL *are added imagery, deſcription, and ſentiment. The ſcenery is formed in a department of Nature more adapted to the genius and diſpoſition of* POETRY; *where ſhe finds new objects, intereſts, and connexions, to exerciſe her fancy and her powers. The charter of* Quidlibet audendi, *the birthright of every poet, ſufficiently authoriſes the attempt of any new ſpecies of writing; but by the judgment of the public it muſt ſtand or fall.*

THE

FABLES OF FLORA.

FABLE I.

The SUNFLOWER and the IVY.

AS duteous to the place of prayer,
Within the convent's lonely walls,
The holy ſiſters ſtill repair,
What time the roſy morning calls:

So fair, each morn, ſo full of grace,
Within their little garden reared,
The flower of PHOEBUS turned her face
To meet the POWER ſhe loved and feared.

And where, along the riſing ſky,
Her God in brighter glory burned,
Still there her fond obſervant eye,
And there her golden breaſt ſhe turned.

When calling from their weary height
On weſtern waves his beams to reſt,
Still there ſhe ſought the parting ſight,
And there ſhe turned her golden breaſt.

But ſoon as night's invidious ſhade
Afar his lovely looks had borne,
With folded leaves and drooping head,
Full fore ſhe grieved, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower diſplayed
The holy ſiſters ſmiled to ſee,
Forgave the pagan rites it paid,
And loved its fond idolatry.

But painful ſtill, though meant for kind,
The praiſe that falls on Envy's ear!
O'er the dim window's arch entwined,
The canker'd IVY chanc'd to hear.

And "See," ſhe cried, "that ſpecious flower,
"Whoſe flattering boſom courts the ſun,
"The pageant of a gilded hour,
"The convent's ſimple hearts hath won!

"Obſequious meanneſs! ever prone
"To watch the patron's turning eye;
'No will, no motion of its own!
"'Tis this they love, for this they ſigh:

" Go, ſplendid ſycophant! no more
" Diſplay thy ſoft ſeductive arts!
" The flattering clime of courts explore,
" Nor ſpoil the convent's ſimple hearts.

" To me their praiſe more juſtly due,
" Of longer bloom, and happier grace!
" Whom changing months unaltered view,
" And find them in my fond embrace."

" How well," the modeſt flower replied,
" Can ENVY's tutored eye elude
" The obvious bounds that ſtill divide
" Foul FLATTERY from fair GRATITUDE.

" My duteous praiſe each hour I pay,
" For few the hours that I muſt live;
" And give to him my little day,
" Whoſe grace another day may give.

" When low this golden form ſhall fall
" And ſpread with duſt its parent plain;
" That duſt ſhall hear his genial call,
" And riſe, to glory riſe again.

" To thee, my gracious power, to thee
" My love, my heart, my life are due!
" Thy goodneſs gave that life to be;
" Thy goodneſs ſhall that life renew.

" Ah me! one moment from thy ſight
" That thus my truant-eye ſhould ſtray!
" The God of glory ſets in night;
" His faithleſs flower has loſt a day."

Sore ſighed the flower, and drooped her head;
And ſudden tears her breaſt bedewed:
Conſenting tears the ſiſters ſhed,
And, wrapt in holy wonder, viewed.

With joy, with pious pride elate,
" Behold," the aged abbeſs cries,
" An emblem of that happier fate
" Which heaven to all but us denies.

" Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,
" No charm but duty's charm can move;
" We ſhed no tears but holy tears
" Of tender penitence and love.

" See there the flattering world pourtrayed
" In that dark look, that creeping pace!
" No flower can bear the Ivy's ſhade;
" No tree ſupport its cold embrace.

" The oak that rears it from the ground,
" And bears its tendrils to the ſkies,
" Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
" And in its poiſonous arms he dies."

Her moral thus the matron read,
Studious to teach her children dear,
And they by love, or duty led,
With pleaſure heard, or ſeemed to hear.

Yet one leſs duteous, not leſs fair,
(In convents ſtill the tale is known)
The fable heard with ſilent care,
But found a moral of her own.

The flower that ſmiled along the day,
And drooped in tears at evening's fall;
Too well ſhe found her life diſplay,
Too well her fatal lot recall.

The envious Ivy's gloomy ſhade,
That murdered what it moſt embraced,
Too well that cruel ſcene conveyed
Which all her fairer hopes effaced.

Her heart with ſilent horror ſhook;
With ſighs ſhe ſought her lonely cell:
To the dim light ſhe caſt *one* look;
And bade *once more* the world *farewell.*

FABLE II.

The EVENING PRIMROSE.

THERE are that love the ſhades of life,
And ſhun the ſplendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful ſtrife
To riſque AMBITION's loſing game:

That far from ENVY's lurid eye
The faireſt fruits of GENIUS rear,
Content to ſee them bloom and die
In Friendſhip's ſmall but genial ſphere.

Than vainer flowers tho' ſweeter far,
The Evening Primroſe ſhuns the day;
Blooms only to the weſtern ſtar,
And loves its ſolitary ray.

In EDEN's vale an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's cloſing hour,
On his time-ſmoothed ſtaff reclined,
With wonder viewed the opening flower.

"Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,"
In pity's ſimple thought he cries,
"Thy boſom muſt not feel the glow
"Of ſplendid ſuns, or ſmiling ſkies.

" Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
" The hamlet's little train behold;
" Their eyes to ſweet oppreſſion yield,
" When thine the falling ſhades unfold.

" Nor thee the haſty ſhepherd heeds,
" When love has filled his heart with cares,
" For flowers he rifles all the meads,
" For waking flowers——but thine forbears.

" Ah! waſte no more that beauteous bloom
" On night's chill ſhade, that fragrant breath,
Let ſmiling ſuns thoſe gems illume!
" Fair flower, to live unſeen is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales
That o'er the bending meadow blow,
Or ſtreams that ſteal thro' even vales,
And murmur that they move ſo ſlow:

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela poured her ſtrain;
The bird of eve approved her flower,
And anſwered thus the anxious ſwain.

Live unſeen!
By moonlight ſhades, in valleys green,
Lovely flower, we'll live unſeen.

Of our pleaſures deem not lightly,
Laughing day may look more ſprightly;
But I love the modeſt mien,
Still I love the modeſt mien
Of gentle evening fair, and her ſtar-trained queen.

Didſt thou, ſhepherd, never find,
Pleaſure is of penſive kind?
Has thy cottage never known
That ſhe loves to live alone?
Doſt thou not at evening hour
Feel ſome ſoft and ſecret power,
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave ſweet ſerenity behind;
While all diſarmed, the cares of day
Steal thro' the falling gloom away?
Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undiſtinguiſhed ſhade.
Far from the world's infectious view,
Thy little virtues ſafely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour,
Guard thy emblematic flower.

FABLE III.

The LAUREL and the REED.

THE * Reed that once the ſhepherd blew
On old CEHHSUS hallowed ſide,
To SYLLA's cruel bow applied,
Its inoffenſive maſter ſlew.

Stay, bloody ſoldier, ſtay thy hand,
Nor take the ſhepherd's gentle breath:
Thy rage let innocence withſtand;
Let muſic ſoothe the thirſt of death.

He frowned—He bade the arrow fly—
The arrow ſmote the tuneful ſwain;
No more its tone his lip ſhall try,
Nor wake its vocal ſoul again.

CEPHISUS, from his ſedgy urn,
With woe beheld the ſanguine deed:
He mourned, and, as they heard him mourn,
Aſſenting ſighed each trembling Reed.

* The reeds on the banks of the Cephiſus of which the ſhepherds made their pipes, Sylla's ſoldiers uſed for arrows.

"Fair offspring of my waves," he cried;
"That bind my brows, my banks adorn,
"Pride of the plains, the rivers' pride,
"For muſic, peace, and beauty born!

"Ah! what, unheedful, have we done?
"What dæmons here in death delight?
"What fiends that curſe the ſocial ſun?
"What furies of infernal night?

"See, ſee my peaceful ſhepherds bleed!
"Each heart in harmony that vyed,
"Smote by its own melodious Reed,
"Lies cold, along my bluſhing ſide.

"Back to your urn, my waters, fly;
"Or find in earth ſome ſecret way,
"For horrour dims yon conſcious ſky,
"And hell has iſſued into day."

Thro' DELPHI's holy depth of ſhade
The ſympathetic ſorrows ran;
While in his dim and mournful glade
The genius of her groves began.

"In vain CEPHISUS ſighs to ſave
"The ſwain that loves his watry mead,
"And weeps to ſee his reddening wave,
"And mourns for his perverted Reed:

" In vain my violated groves
" Muſt I with equal grief bewail,
" While deſolation ſternly roves,
" And bids the ſanguine hand aſſail.

" God of the genial ſtream, behold
" My laurel ſhades of leaves ſo bare!
" Thoſe leaves no poet's brows enfold,
" Nor bind APOLLO's golden hair.

" Like thy fair offspring, miſapplied,
" Far other purpoſe they ſupply;
" The murderer's burning cheek to hide,
" And on his frownful temples die.

" Yet deem not theſe of PLUTO's race,
" Whom wounded NATURE ſues in vain;
" Pluto diſclaims the dire diſgrace,
" And cries, indignant, " They are men."

FABLE IV.

The GARDEN ROSE and the WILD ROSE.

AS DEE, whose current, free from stain,
Glides fair o'er MERIONETH's plain,
By mountains forced his way to steer
Along the lake of PIMBLE MERE,
Darts swiftly thro' the stagnant mass,
His waters trembling as they pass,
And leads his lucid waves below,
Unmixed, unsullied as they flow—
So clear thro' life's tumultuous tide,
So free could THOUGHT and FANCY glide;
Could HOPE as sprightly hold her course,
As first she left her native source,
Unsought in her romantic cell
The keeper of her dreams might dwell.

But ah! they will not, will not last—
When life's first fairy stage is past,
The glowing hand of HOPE is cold;
And FANCY lives not to be old.
Darker, and darker all before;
We turn the former prospect o'er;
And find in MEMORY's faithful eye
Our little stock of pleasures lie.

Come, then; thy kind receſſes ope!
Fair keeper of the dreams of Hope!
Come with thy viſionary train;
And bring my morning ſcenes again!

To ENON's wild and ſilent ſhade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid;
What time the *woodland* GENIUS came,
And touched me with his holy flame.—

Or, where the hermit, BELA, leads
Her waves thro' ſolitary meads;
And only feeds the deſart-flower,
Where once ſhe ſoothed my ſlumbering hour;
Or rouſed by STAINMORE's wintry ſky,
She wearies echo with her cry;
And oft, what ſtorms her boſom tear,
Her deeply-wounded banks declare.—

Where EDEN's fairer waters flow,
By MILTON's bower, or OSTY's brow,
Or BROCKLEY's alder-ſhaded cave,
Or, winding round the Druid's grave,
Silently glide, with pious fear
To ſound his holy ſlumbers near.—

To theſe fair ſcenes of FANCY's reign,
O MEMORY! bear me once again:

For, when life's varied ſcenes are paſt,
'Tis ſimple Nature charms at laſt.

'Twas thus of old a poet prayed;
Th' indulgent power his prayer approved,
And, ere the gathered Roſe could fade,
Reſtored him to the ſcenes he loved.

A Roſe, the poet's favourite flower,
From FLORA's cultured walks he bore;
No fairer bloomed in ESHER's bower,
Nor PRIOR's charming CHLOE wore.

No fairer flowers could FANCY twine
To hide ANACREON's ſnowy hair;
For there ALMERIA's bloom divine,
And ELLIOT's ſweeteſt bluſh was there.

When ſhe, the pride of courts, retires,
And leaves for ſhades, a nation's love,
With awe the village maid admires,
How WALDEGRAVE looks, how WALDEGRAVE moves.

So marvelled much in ENON's ſhade
The flowers that all uncultured grew,
When there the ſplendid Roſe diſplayed
Her ſwelling breaſt, and ſhining hue.

Yet one, that oft adorned the place,
Where now her gaudy rival reigned,
Of ſimpler bloom, but kindred race,
The penſive EGLANTINE complained.—

" Miſtaken youth," with ſighs ſhe ſaid,
" From nature and from me to ſtray!
" The bard, by ſplendid forms betrayed,
" No more ſhall frame the purer lay.

" Luxuriant, like the flaunting Roſe,
" And gay the brilliant ſtrains may be,
" But far, in beauty, far from thoſe,
" That flowed to nature and to me."

The poet felt, with fond ſurprize,
The truths the ſylvan critic told;
And " though this courtly Roſe," he cries,
" Is gay, is beauteous to behold;

" Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee
" Wild ſweetneſs which no words expreſs,
" And charms in thy ſimplicity,
" That dwell not in the pride of dreſs."

FABLE V.

The VIOLET and the PANSY.

SHEPHERD, if near thy artleſs breaſt
The god of fond deſires repair;
Implore him for a gentle gueſt,
Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should beauty's ſoul-enchanting ſmile,
Love-kindling looks, and features gay,
Should theſe thy wandering eye beguile,
And ſteal thy wareleſs heart away;

That heart ſhall ſoon with ſorrow ſwell,
And ſoon the erring eye deplore,
If in the beauteous boſom dwell
No gentle virtue's genial ſtore.

Far from his hive one ſummer-day,
A young and yet unpractiſed bee,
Borne on his tender wings away,
Went forth the flowery world to ſee.

The morn, the noon in play he paſſed,
But when the ſhades of evening came,
No parent brought the due repaſt,
And faintneſs ſeized his little frame.

By nature urged, by inſtinct led,
The boſom of a flower he ſought,
Where ſtreams mourned round a moſſy bed,
And violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dies,
On that fair bank a Panſy grew,
That borrowed from indulgent ſkies
A velvet ſhade and purple hue.

The tints that ſtreamed with gloſſy gold,
The velvet ſhade, the purple hue,
The ſtranger wondered to behold,
And to its beauteous boſom flew.

Not fonder haſte the lover ſpeeds,
At evening's fall, his fair to meet,
When o'er the hardly-bending meads
He ſprings on more than mortal feet.

Nor glows his eye with brighter glee,
When ſtealing near her orient breaſt,
Than felt the fond enamoured bee,
When firſt the golden bloom he preſt.

Ah! pity much his youth untried,
His heart in beauty's magic ſpell!
So never paſſion thee betide,
But where the genial virtues dwell!

In vain he ſeeks thoſe virtues there;
No ſoul-ſuſtaining charms abound:
No honeyed ſweetneſs to repair
The languid waſte of life is found.

An aged bee, whoſe labours led
Thro' thoſe fair ſprings, and meads of gold,
His feeble wing, his drooping head
Beheld, and pitied to behold.

"Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art
"That courts thine eye with fair attire;
"Who ſmiles to win the heedleſs heart,
"Will ſmile to ſee that heart expire.

"This modeſt flower of humbler hue,
"That boaſts no depth of glowing dyes,
"Arrayed in unbeſpangled blue,
"The ſimple cloathing of the ſkies—

"This flower, with balmy ſweetneſs bleſt,
"May yet thy languid life renew."
He ſaid, and to the Violet's breaſt
The little vagrant faintly flew.

FABLE VI.

The QUEEN OF THE MEADOW and the CROWN IMPERIAL.

FROM BACTRIA's vales, where beauty blows
Luxuriant in the genial ray;
Where flowers a bolder gem diſcloſe,
And deeper drink the golden day:

From BACTRIA's vales to BRITAIN's ſhore
What time the CROWN IMPERIAL came,
Full high the ſtately ſtranger bore
The honours of his birth and name.

In all the pomp of eaſtern ſtate,
In all the eaſtern glory gay,
He bade, with native pride elate,
Each flower of humbler birth obey.

O, that the child unborn might hear,
Nor hold it ſtrange in diſtant time,
That freedom even to flowers was dear,
To flowers that bloomed in Britain's clime!

Thro' purple meads, and ſpicy gales,
Where STRYMON's * ſilver waters play,
While far from hence their goddeſs dwells,
She rules with delegated ſway.

That ſway the CROWN IMPERIAL ſought,
With high demand and haughty mien;
But equal claim a rival brought,
A rival called the MEADOW's QUEEN.

"In climes of orient glory born,
"Where beauty firſt and empire grew;
"Where firſt unfolds the golden morn,
"Where richer falls the fragrant dew:

"In light's ethereal beauty dreſt,
"Behold," he cried, "the favoured flower,
"Which FLORA's high commands inveſt
"With enſigns of imperial power!

"Where proſtrate vales, and bluſhing meads,
"And bending mountains own his ſway,
"While PERSIA's lord his empire leads,
"And bids the trembling world obey;

"While blood-bedews the ſtraining bow,
"And conqueſt rends the ſcattered air,
"'Tis mine to bind the victor's brow,
"And reign in envied glory there.

* The Ionion Strymon.

" Then lowly bow, ye Britiſh flowers!
" Confeſs your monarch's mighty ſway,
" And own the only glory yours,
" When fear flies trembling to obey."

He ſaid, and ſudden o'er the plain,
From flower to flower a murmur ran,
With modeſt air, and milder ſtrain,
When thus the MEADOW'S QUEEN began.

" If vain of birth, of glory vain,
" Or fond to bear a regal name,
" The pride of folly brings diſdain,
" And bids me urge a tyrant's claim:

" If war my peaceful realms aſſail,
" And then, unmoved by pity's call,
" I ſmile to ſee the bleeding vale,
" Or feel one joy in nature's fall,

" Then may each juſtly vengeful flower
" Purſue her Queen with generous ſtrife,
" Nor leave the hand of lawleſs power
" Such compaſs on the ſcale of life.

" One ſimple virtue all my pride!
" The wiſh that flies to miſery's aid;
" The balm that ſtops the crimſon tide *,
" And heals the wounds that war has made."

* The property of that flower.

Their free conſent by Zephyrs borne,
The flowers their MEADOW'S QUEEN obey;
And fairer bluſhes crowned the morn,
And ſweeter fragrance filled the day.

FABLE VII.

The WALL-FLOWER.

"WHY loves my flower, the ſweeteſt flower
"That ſwells the golden breaſt of May,
"Thrown rudely o'er this ruined tower,
"To waſte her ſolitary day?

"Why, when the mead, the ſpicy vale,
"The grove and genial garden call,
"Will ſhe her fragrant ſoul exhale,
"Unheeded on the lonely wall?

"For never ſure was beauty born
"To live in death's deſerted ſhade!
"Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
"My banks for life and beauty made."

Thus PITY waked the tender thought,
And by her ſweet perſuaſion led,
To ſeize the hermit-flower I ſought,
And bear her from her ſtony bed.

I ſought——but ſudden on mine ear
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And ſmote my heart with holy fear——
The GENIUS *of the Ruin* ſpoke.

" From thee be far th' ungentle deed,
" The honours of the dead to ſpoil,
" Or take the ſole remaining meed,
" The flower that crowns their former toil!

" Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
" Or fond to grace this barren ſhade;
" 'Tis NATURE tells her to beſtow
" Her honours on the lonely dead.

" For this, obedient Zephyrs bear
" Her light ſeeds round yon turret's mold,
" And undiſperſed by tempeſts there,
" They riſe in vegetable gold.

" Nor ſhall thy wonder wake to ſee
" Such deſart ſcenes diſtinction crave;
" Oft have they been, and oft ſhall be
" Truth's, Honour's, Valour's, Beauty's grave.

" Where longs to fall that rifted ſpire,
" As weary of th' inſulting air;
" The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
" The lover's ſighs are ſleeping there.

" When that too ſhakes the trembling ground,
" Borne down by ſome tempeſtuous ſky,
" And many a ſlumbering cottage round
" Startles—how ſtill their hearts will lie!

" Of them who, wrapt in earth ſo cold,
" No more the ſmiling day ſhall view,
" Should many a tender tale be told;
" For many a tender thought is due.

" Haſt thou not ſeen ſome lover pale,
" When evening brought the penſive hour,
" Step ſlowly o'er the ſhadowy vale,
" And ſtop to pluck the frequent flower?

" Thoſe flowers he ſurely meant to ſtrew
" On loſt affection's lowly cell;
" Tho' there, as fond remembrance grew,
" Forgotten, from his hand they fell.

" Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
" Been taught her firſt roſe to reſign?
" With vain but pious fondneſs borne
" To deck thy NANCY's honoured ſhrine!

" 'Tis NATURE pleading in the breaſt,
" Fair memory of her works to find;
" And when to fate ſhe yields the reſt,
" She claims the monumental mind.

" Why, elſe, the o'ergrown paths of time
" Would thus the lettered ſage explore,
" With pain theſe crumbling ruins climb,
" And on the doubtful ſculpture pore?

" Why ſeeks he with unwearied toil
" Thro' death's dim walks to urge his way,
" Reclaim his long-aſſerted ſpoil,
" And lead OBLIVION into day?

" 'Tis NATURE prompts, by toil or fear
" Unmoved, to range thro' death's domain:
" The tender parent loves to hear
" Her childrens' ſtory told again.

" Treat not with ſcorn his thoughtful hours,
" If haply near theſe haunts he ſtray;
" Nor take the fair enlivening flowers
" That bloom to cheer his lonely way."

FABLE VIII.

The TULIP and the MYRTLE. *

'TWAS on the border of a ſtream
A gayly-painted Tulip ſtood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Surveyed her beauties in the flood.

And ſure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wiſtful eye,
Than crimſon fading into gold,
In ſtreaks of faireſt ſymmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!
Vainly affects ſuperior ſtate,
And thus in empty fancy ſwells.

"O luſtre of unrivalled bloom!
"Fair painting of a hand divine!
"Superior far to mortal doom,
"The hues of heaven alone are mine!

* This Fable was firſt publiſhed in a Collection of Letters, ſuppoſed to have paſſed between St. Evremond and Waller.

" Away, ye worthleſs, formleſs race!
" Ye weeds, that boaſt the name of flowers!
" No more my native bed diſgrace,
" Unmeet for tribes ſo mean as yours!

" Shall the bright daughter of the ſun
" Aſſociate with the ſhrubs of earth?
" Ye ſlaves, your ſovereign's preſence ſhun!
" Reſpect her beauties and her birth.

" And thou, dull, ſullen ever-green!
" Shalt thou my ſhining ſphere invade?
" My noon-day beauties beam unſeen,
" Obſcured beneath thy duſky ſhade!"

" Deluded flower!" the Myrtle cries,
" Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?
" The meaneſt ſhrub that you deſpiſe,
The meaneſt flower has merit more.

" That daiſy, in its ſimple bloom,
" Shall laſt along the changing year;
" Bluſh on the ſnow of winter's gloom,
" And bid the ſmiling ſpring appear.

" The violet, that, thoſe banks beneath,
" Hides from thy ſcorn its modeſt head,
" Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
" When thou art in thy duſty bed.

" Even I, who boaſt no golden ſhade,
" Am of no ſhining tints poſſeſs'd,
" When low thy lucid form is laid,
" Shall bloom on many a lovely breaſt.

" And he, whoſe kind and foſtering care
" To thee, to me, our beings gave,
" Shall near his breaſt my flowrets wear,
" And walk regardleſs o'er thy grave.

" Deluded flower, the friendly ſcreen
" That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
" And mocks thy paſſion to be ſeen,
" Prolongs thy tranſitory day.

" But kindly deeds with ſcorn repaid,
" No more by virtue need be done:
" I now withdraw my duſky ſhade,
" And yield thee to thy darling ſun."

Fierce on the flower the ſcorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder ſwell.

Expanded by the ſearching fire,
The curling leaves the breaſt diſcloſed;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm expoſed.

But when the ſun was ſliding low,
And evening came, with dews ſo cold;
The wanton beauty ceaſed to blow,
And ſought her bending leaves to fold.

Thoſe leaves, alas! no more would cloſe;
Relaxed, exhauſted, ſickening, pale;
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the riſing gale.

Attentive to our trifling ſelves,
From thence we plan the rule of all;
Thus NATURE with the fabled elves
We rank, and theſe her *Sports* we call.

Be far, my friends, from you, from me,
Th' unhallowed term, the thought profane,
That LIFE'S MAJESTIC SOURCE may be
In idle fancy's trifling vein.

Remember ſtill, 'tis NATURE'S plan
Religion in your love to find;
And know, for this, ſhe firſt in man
Inſpired the imitative mind.

As conſcious that affection grows,
Pleaſed with the pencil's mimic power;
That power with leading hand ſhe ſhews,
And paints a Bee upon a flower.

Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands!
Oft, as his ſhapely form he rears,
Aghaſt the frighted plowman ſtands.

See where, in yonder orient ſtone,
She ſeems ev'n with herſelf at ſtrife,
While fairer from her hand is ſhewn
The pictured, than the native life.

HELVETIA's rocks, SABRINA's waves,
Still many a ſhining pebble bear,
Where oft her ſtudious hand engraves
The perfect form, and leaves it there.

O long, my PAXTON, boaſt her art;
And long her laws of love fulfil:
To thee ſhe gave her hand and heart,
To thee, her kindneſs and her ſkill!

FABLE X.

The WILDING and the BROOM.

IN yonder green-wood blows the Broom;
Shepherds, we'll truſt our flocks to ſtray,
Court nature in her ſweeteſt bloom,
And ſteal from care one ſummer-day.

From Him, * whoſe gay and graceful brow
Fair-handed HUME with roſes binds,
We'll learn to breathe the tender vow,
Where flow the fairy FORTHA winds.

And oh! that He † whoſe gentle breaſt
In nature's ſofteſt mould was made,
Who left her ſmiling works impreſt
In characters that cannot fade.

That He might leave his lowly ſhrine,
Tho' ſofter there the Seaſons fall—
They come, the ſons of verſe divine,
They come to fancy's magic call.

* WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour.
† THOMSON.

——— " What airy ſounds invite
" My ſteps not unreluctant, from the depth
" Of SHENE's delightful groves? Repoſing there
" No more I hear the buſy voice of men
" Far-toiling o'er the globe—ſave to the call
" Of ſoul-exalting poetry, the ear
" Of death denies attention. Rouzed by her,
" The genius of ſepulchral ſilence opes
" His drowſy cells, and yields us to the day.
" For thee, whoſe hand, whatever paints the ſpring,
" Or ſwells on ſummer's breaſt, or loads the lap
" Of autumn, gathers heedful—Thee whoſe rites
" At nature's ſhrine with holy care are paid
" Daily and nightly, boughs of brighteſt green,
" And every faireſt roſe, the god of groves,
" The queen of flowers, ſhall ſweeter ſave for thee,
" Yet not if beauty only claim thy lay,
" Tunefully trifling. Fair philoſophy,
" And nature's love, and every moral charm
" That leads in ſweet captivity the mind
" To virtue—ever in thy neareſt cares
" Be theſe, and animate thy living page
" With truth reſiſtleſs, beaming from the ſource
" Of perfect light immortal—Vainly boaſts
" That golden Broom its ſuny robe of flowers:
" Fair are the ſunny flowers; but, fading ſoon
" And fruitleſs, yield the foreſter's regard

" To the well-loaded Wilding—Shepherd, there
" Behold the fate of ſong, and lightly deem
" Of all but moral beauty."

——————" Not in vain"——

I hear my HAMILTON reply,
(The torch of fancy in his eye)
" 'Tis not in vain," I hear him ſay,
" That nature paints her works ſo gay;
" For, fruitleſs tho' that fairy broom,
" Yet ſtill we love her laviſh bloom.
" Cheered with that bloom, yon deſart wild
" Its native horrors loſt, and ſmiled.
" And oft we mark her golden ray
" Along the dark wood ſcatter day.

" Of moral uſes take the ſtrife;
" Leave me the elegance of life.
" Whatever charms the ear or eye,
" All beauty and all harmony;
" If ſweet ſenſations theſe produce,
" I know they have their moral uſe.
" I know that NATURE's charms can move
" The ſprings that ſtrike to VIRTUE's love."

FABLE XI.

The MISLETOE and the PASSION-FLOWER.

IN this dim cave a druid ſleeps,
Where ſtops the paſſing gale to moan;
The rock he hollowed o'er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted ſtone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,
An hermit's holy aſhes reſt:
The ſchool-boy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal matin bleſt.

That truant-time full well I know,
When here I brought, in ſtolen hour,
The druid's magic Miſletoe,
The holy hermit's Paſſion-flower.

The offerings on the myſtic ſtone
Penſive I laid, in thought profound,
When from the cave a deepening groan
Iſſued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it ſtill—Doſt thou not hear?
Does not thy haunted fancy ſtart?
The ſound ſtill vibrates thro' mine ear—
The horror ruſhes on my heart.

Unlike to living ſounds it came,
Unmixed, unmelodized with breath;
But, grinding thro' ſome ſcrannel frame,
Creaked from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it ſtill—"Depart," it cries;
"No tribute bear to ſhades unbleſt:
"Know, here a bloody druid lies,
"Who was not nurſed at Nature's breaſt.

"Aſſociate he with dæmons dire,
"O'er human victims held the knife,
"And pleaſed to ſee the babe expire,
"Smiled grimly o'er its quivering life.

"Behold his crimſon-ſtreaming hand
"Erect!—his dark, fixed, murderous eye!"
In the dim cave I ſaw him ſtand;
And my heart died—I felt it die.

I ſee him ſtill—Doſt thou not ſee
The haggard eye-ball's hollow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart thro' the ſable ſhade of hair?

What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rues th' invading day;
And wrinkled aſpect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorſe a prey?

What wretched—Hark—the voice replies,
" Boy, bear theſe idle honours hence!
" For, here a guilty hermit lies,
" Untrue to Nature, Virtue, Senſe.

" Tho' Nature lent him powers to aid
" The moral cauſe, the mutual weal;
" Thoſe powers he ſunk in this dim ſhade,
" The deſperate ſuicide of zeal.

" Go, teach the drone of ſaintly haunts,
" Whoſe cell's the ſepulchre of time;
" Tho many a holy hymn he chaunts,
" His life is one continued crime.

" And bear them hence, the plant, the flower;
" No ſymbols thoſe of ſyſtems vain!
" They have the duties of their hour;
" Some bird, ſome inſect to ſuſtain."

ARMINE

AND

ELVIRA.

ARMINE

AND

ELVIRA.

ARMINE

AND

ELVIRA.

PART I.

A Hermit on the banks of *Trent*,
Far from the world's bewildering maze,
To humbler ſcenes of calm content
Had fled from brighter, buſier days.

If haply from his guarded breaſt
Should ſteal the unſuſpected ſigh,
And memory, an unbidden gueſt,
With former paſſions fill'd his eye;

Then pious hope and duty prais'd
The wiſdom of th' unerring ſway;
And while his eye to heaven he rais'd,
Its ſilent waters ſunk away.

Life's gayer enſigns once he bore—
Ah! what avails the mournful tale?
Suffice it, when the ſcene was o'er,
He fled to the ſequeſter'd vale.

" What tho' the joys I lov'd ſo well,
" The charms, he cry'd, that youth has known,
" Fly from the hermit's lonely cell!
" Yet is not ARMINE ſtill my own?

" Yes, ARMINE, yes, thou valued youth!
" 'Midſt every grief thou ſtill art mine!
" Dear pledge of WINIFREDA's truth,
" And ſolace of my life's decline!

" Tho' from the world and worldly care
" My weary'd mind I mean to free,
" Yet ev'ry hour that heav'n can ſpare,
" My ARMINE, I devote to thee.

" And ſure that heaven my hopes ſhall bleſs,
" And make thee fam'd for virtues fair,
" And happy too, if happineſs
" Depend upon a parent's pray'r.

" Laſt hope of life's departing day,
" In whom its future ſcenes I ſee!
" No truant thought ſhall ever ſtray
" From this lone hermitage and thee.

Thus, to his humble fate reſign'd,
His breaſt each anxious care foregoes;
All but the care of ARMINE's mind,
The deareſt taſk a parent knows!

And well were all his cares repaid;
In ARMINE's breaſt each virtue grew,
In full maturity diſplay'd
To fond affection's anxious view.

Nor yet neglected were the charms,
To poliſh'd life, that grace impart;
Virtue, he knew, but feebly warms
'Till ſcience humanize the heart.

And when he ſaw the lawleſs train
Of paſſions in the youthful breaſt,
He curb'd them not with rigid rein,
But ſtrove to ſoothe them into reſt.

"" Think not, my ſon, in this," he cry'd,
"" A father's precept ſhall diſpleaſe:
"" No—be each paſſion gratify'd
"" That tends to happineſs or eaſe.

"" Nor ſhall th' ungrateful taſk be mine
"" Their native generous warmth to blame,
"" That warmth if reaſon's ſuffrage join
"" To point the object and the aim.

" This ſuffrage wanting, know, fond boy,
" That every paſſion proves a foe:
" Tho' much it deal in promis'd joy,
" It pays, alas! in certain woe.

" Compleat ambition's wildeſt ſcheme;
" In power's moſt brilliant robes appear,
" Indulge in fortune's golden dream;
" Then aſk thy breaſt if peace be there?

" No: it ſhall tell thee, peace retires
" If once of her lov'd friends depriv'd;
" Contentment calm, ſubdu'd deſires,
" And happineſs that's ſelf-deriv'd."

To temper thus the ſtronger fires
Of youth he ſtrove, for well he knew
Boundleſs as thought tho' man's deſires,
The real wants of life were few.

And oft revolving in his breaſt
Th' inſatiate luſt of wealth or fame,
He, with no common care oppreſt,
To Fortune thus would oft exclaim:

" O Fortune! at thy crouded ſhrine
" What wretched worlds of ſuppliants bow!
" For ever hail'd thy pow'r divine,
" For ever breath'd the ſerious vow.

" With tottering pace and feeble knee
" See age advance in ſhameleſs haſte,
" The palſy'd hand is ſtretch'd to thee
" For wealth he wants the power to taſte.

" See, led by hope the youthful train,
" Her fairy dreams their hearts have won;
" She points to what they ne'er ſhall gain,
" Or dearly gain—to be undone.

" Muſt I too form the votive prayer,
" And wilt thou hear one ſuppliant more?
" His prayer, O Fortune, deign to hear,
" To thee who never pray'd before.

" O may one dear, one favour'd youth,
" May ARMINE ſtill thy pow'r diſclaim;
" Kneel only at the ſhrine of truth,
" Count freedom wealth, and virtue fame."

Lo! to his utmoſt wiſhes bleſt
The prayer was heard; and freedom's flame,
And truth, the ſunſhine of the breaſt,
Were ARMINE's wealth, were ARMINE's fame.

His heart no ſelfiſh cares confin'd,
He felt for all that feel diſtreſs,
And, ſtill benevolent and kind,
He bleſt them, or he wiſh'd to bleſs.

For what tho' Fortune's frowns deny
With wealth to bid the ſufferer live?
Yet pity's hand can oft ſupply
A balm ſhe never knew to give:

Can oft with lenient drops aſſwage
The wounds no ruder hand can heal,
When grief, deſpair, diſtraction rage,
While death the lips of love ſhall ſeal.

Ah then, his anguiſh to remove,
Depriv'd of all his heart holds dear,
How ſweet the ſtill ſurviving love
Of friendſhip's ſmile, of pity's tear!

This knew the ſire: he oft would cry,
"From theſe, my ſon, O ne'er depart!
"Theſe tender charities, that tye
"In mutual league the human heart.

"Be thine thoſe feelings of the mind
"That wake at honour's, friendſhip's call;
"Benevolence, that unconfin'd
"Extends her liberal hand to all.

"By ſympathy's untutor'd voice
"Be taught her ſocial laws to keep;
"Rejoice if human heart rejoice,
"And weep if human eye ſhall weep.

ARMINE

AND

ELVIRA.

PART II.

DEEP in the boſom of a wood,
Where art had form'd the moted iſle,
An antique caſtle towering ſtood,
In gothic grandeur roſe the pile.

Here RAYMOND, long in arms renown'd,
From ſcenes of war would oft repair;
His bed an only daughter crown'd,
And ſmil'd away a father's care.

By nature's happieſt pencil drawn,
She wore the vernal morning's ray:
The vernal morning's bluſhing dawn
Breaks not ſo beauteous into day.

Her breaſt, impatient of controul,
  Scorn'd in its ſilken chains to lye,
And the ſoft language of the ſoul
  Flow'd from her never-ſilent eye.

The bloom that open'd on her face
  Well ſeem'd an emblem of her mind,
Where ſnowy innocence we trace,
  With bluſhing modeſty combin'd.

To theſe reſiſtleſs grace impart
  That look of ſweetneſs form'd to pleaſe,
That elegance, devoid of art,
  That dignity that's loſt in eaſe.

What youth ſo cold could view unmov'd
  The maid that every beauty ſhar'd?
Her ARMINE ſaw, he ſaw, he lov'd,
  He lov'd——alas! and he deſpair'd!

Unhappy youth! he ſunk oppreſt;
  For much he labour'd to conceal
That gentleſt paſſion of the breaſt,
  Which ALL can feign, but FEW can feel.

Ingenuous fears ſuppreſt the flame,
  Yet ſtill he own'd its hidden power;
With tranſport dwelling on her name,
  He ſooth'd each ſolitary hour.

" How long," he cry'd, " muſt I conceal
" What yet my heart could wiſh were known?
" How long the trueſt paſſion feel,
" And yet that paſſion fear to own?

" Ah might I breathe my humble vow!
" Might ſhe too deign to lend an ear!
" ELVIRA's ſelf ſhould then allow
" That ARMINE was at leaſt ſincere.

" Wild wiſh! to deem the matchleſs maid
" Would liſten to a youth like me,
" Or that my vows could e'er perſuade,
" Sincere and conſtant tho' they be!

" Ah what avail my love or truth?
" She liſtens to no lowly ſwain;
" Her charms muſt bleſs ſome happier youth,
" Some youth of Fortune's titled train.

" Then go, fallacious hope! adieu!
" The flattering proſpect I reſign;
" And bear from my deluded view
" The bliſs that never muſt be mine!

" Yet will the youth, whoe'er he be,
" In truth or tenderneſs excell?
" Or will he on thy charms like me
" With fondneſs never dying dwell?

" Will he with thine his hopes unite?
" With ready zeal thy joys improve?
" With fond attention and delight
" Each wiſh prevent, each fear remove?

" Will he, ſtill faithful to thy charms,
" For conſtant love be long rever'd?
" Nor quit that heaven within thy arms
" By every tender tie endear'd?

" What tho' his boaſtful heart be vain
" Of all that birth or fortune gave?
" Yet is not mine, tho' rude and plain,
" At leaſt as noble and as brave?

" Then be it's gentle ſuit preferr'd!
" It's tender ſighs ELVIRA hear!
" In vain—I ſigh--but ſigh unheard;
" Unpitied falls this lonely tear!"

Twice twelve revolving moons had paſt,
Since firſt he caught the fatal view;
Unchang'd by time his ſorrows laſt,
Uncheer'd by hope his paſſion grew.

That paſſion to indulge, he ſought
In RAYMOND's groves the deepeſt ſhade,
There fancy's haunting ſpirit brought
The image of his long-lov'd maid.

But hark! what more than mortal ſound
Steals on attention's raptur'd ear!
The voice of harmony around
Swells in wild whiſpers ſoft and clear.

Can human hand a tone ſo fine
Sweep from the ſtring with touch prophane?
Can human lip with breath divine
Pour on the gale ſo ſweet a ſtrain?

'Tis ſhe—the ſource of ARMINE's woe—
'Tis ſhe—whence all his joy muſt ſpring—
From her lov'd lips the numbers flow,
Her magic hand awakes the ſtring.

Now, ARMINE, now thy love proclaim,
Thy inſtant ſuit the time demands;
Delay not—tumult ſhakes his frame!
And loſt in extacy he ſtands!

What magic chains thee to the ground?
What ſtar malignant rules the hour,
That thus in fixt delirium drown'd,
Each ſenſe intranc'd hath loſt its pow'r.

The trance diſpel! awake, ariſe!
Speak what untutor'd love inſpires!
The moment's paſt—thy wild ſurprize
She ſees, nor unalarm'd retires.

" Stay, ſweet illuſion! ſtay thy flight!
" 'Tis gone!—ELVIRA's form it wore—
" Yet one more glimpſe of ſhort delight!
" 'Tis gone! to be beheld no more!

" Fly, loitering feet! the charm perſue
" That plays upon my hopes and fears!
" Hah!—no illuſion mocks my view!
" 'Tis ſhe—ELVIRA's ſelf appears!

" And ſhall I on her ſteps intrude?
" Alarm her in theſe lonely ſhades?
" O ſtay, fair nymph! no ruffian rude
" With baſe intent your walk invades.

" Far gentler thoughts"—his faultering tongue
By humble diffidence reſtrain'd,
Paus'd in ſuſpence---but thus ere long,
As love impell'd, its power regain'd:

" Far gentler thoughts that form inſpires;
" With me far gentler paſſions dwell;
" This heart hides only blameleſs fires,
" Yet burns with what it fears to tell.

" The faultering voice that fears controul,
" Bluſhes that inward fires declare,
" Each tender tumult of the ſoul
" In ſilence owns ELVIRA there."

He ſaid: and as the trembling dove
Sent forth t'explore the watery plain,
Soon fear'd her flight might fatal prove,
And ſudden ſought her ark again;

His heart recoil'd, as one that rued
What he too haſtily confeſt,
And all the riſing ſoul ſubdued
Sought refuge in his inmoſt breaſt.

The tender ſtrife ELVIRA ſaw
Diſtreſt; and as ſome parent mild,
When arm'd with words and looks of awe,
Melts o'er the terrors of her child,

Reproof prepar'd and angry fear
In ſoft ſenſations died away,
They felt the force of ARMINE's fear,
And fled from pity's riſing ſway.

" That mournful voice, that modeſt air,
" Young ſtranger, ſpeak the courteous breaſt,
" Then why to theſe rude ſcenes repair,
" Of ſhades the ſolitary gueſt?

" And who is ſhe whoſe fortunes bear
" ELVIRA's melancholy name?
" O may thoſe fortunes prove more fair,
" Than hers who ſadly owns the ſame.

" Ah, gentle maid, in mine ſurvey
" A heart, he cries, that's yours alone!
" Long has it own'd ELVIRA's ſway,
" Tho' long unnotic'd and unknown.

" On SHERWOOD's old heroic plain
" ELVIRA grac'd the feſtal day,
" There, foremoſt of the youthful train,
" Her ARMINE bore the prize away.

" There firſt that form my eyes ſurvey'd,
" With future hopes that fill'd my heart;
" But ah! beneath that frown they fade—
" Depart, vain vanquiſh'd hopes depart."

He ſaid; and on the ground his eyes
Were fixt abaſh'd: Th' attentive maid,
Loſt in the tumult of ſurprize,
The well-remember'd youth ſurvey'd.

The tranſient colour went and came,
The ſtruggling boſom ſunk and roſe,
The trembling tumults of her frame
The ſtrong conflicting ſoul diſcloſe.

The time, the ſcene ſhe ſaw with dread,
Like CYNTHIA ſetting glanc'd away,
But ſcatter'd bluſhes as ſhe fled,
Bluſhes that ſpoke a brighter day.

A friendly ſhepherd's neighbouring ſhed
To paſs the live-long night he ſought,
And hope, the lover's downy bed,
A ſweeter charm than ſlumber brought.

On every thought ELVIRA dwelt,
The tender air, the aſpect kind,
The pity that he found ſhe felt,
And all the angel in her mind.

No ſelf-plum'd vanity was there,
With fancy'd conſequence elate;
Unknown to her the haughty air,
That means to ſpeak ſuperior ſtate.

Her brow no keen reſentments arm,
No ſwell of empty pride ſhe knew,
In trivial minds that take th' alarm,
Should humble love aſpire to ſue.

Such love, by flattering charms betray'd,
Shall yet, indignant, ſoon rebel,
And, bluſhing for the choice he made,
Shall fly where gentler virtues dwell.

'Tis then the mind, from bondage free,
And all its former weakneſs o'er,
Aſſerts it's native dignity,
And ſcorns what folly priz'd before.

The ſcanty pane the riſing ray
On the plain wall in diamonds threw,
The lover hail'd the welcome day,
And to his favorite ſcene he flew.

There ſoon ELVIRA bent her way,
Where long her lonely walks had been,
Nor leſs had the preceding day,
Nor ARMINE leſs endear'd the ſcene.

Oft, as ſhe paſs'd, her riſing heart
It's ſtronger tenderneſs confeſs'd,
And oft ſhe linger'd to impart
To ſome ſafe ſhade her ſecret breaſt.

" How ſlow the heavy hours advance,"
She cry'd, " ſince that eventful day,
" When firſt I caught the fatal glance,
" That ſtole me from myſelf away!

" Ah, youth belov'd, tho' low thy birth,
" The noble air, the manly grace,
" That look that ſpeaks ſuperior worth
" Can faſhion, folly, fear eraſe?

" Yet ſure from no ignoble ſtem
" Thy lineage ſprings, tho' now unknown:
" The world cenſorious may condemn,
" But, ARMINE, I am thine alone.

" To ſplendor only do we live?
" Muſt pomp alone our thoughts employ?
" All, all that pomp and ſplendor give
" Is dearly bought with love and joy!

" But oh—the favour'd youth appears—
" In penſive grief he ſeems to move:
" My heart forebodes unnumber'd fears;
" Support it pity, virtue, love!

" Hither his footſteps ſeem to bend—
" Come, Reſolution, to my aid!
" My breaſt what varying paſſions rend!
" Averſe to go—to ſtay—afraid!

" Dear object of each fond deſire
" That throbs tumultuous in my breaſt!
" Why with averted glance retire?
" At ARMINE's preſence why diſtreſt?

" What tho' he boaſt no titled name,
" No wide extent of rich domain?
" Yet muſt he feed a fruitleſs flame,
" Muſt truth and nature plead in vain?

" Think not," ſhe ſaid, " by forms betray'd,
" To humbler worth my heart is blind;
" For ſoon ſhall every ſplendor fade,
" That beams not from the gifted mind.

" But first thy heart explore with care,
" With faith it's fond emotions prove;
" Lurks no unworthy passion there?
" Prompts not ambition bold to love?"

" Yes, lovely maid," the youth replies,
" A bold ambition prompts my breast,
" The tow'ring hope that love supplies,
" The wish in blessing to be blest.

" The meaner prospects I despise
" That wealth, or rank, or power bestow;
" Be yours the groveling bliss ye prize,
" Ye sordid minds that stoop so low!

" Be mine the more refin'd delights
" Of love that banishes controul,
" When the fond heart with heart unites,
" And soul's in unison with soul."

ELVIRA blush'd the warm reply,
(To love a language not unknown)
The milder glories fill'd her eye,
And there a softer lustre shone.

The yielding smile that's half suppress,
The short quick breath, the trembling tear,
The swell tumultuous of the breast
In ARMINE's favour all appear.

At each kind glance their ſouls unite,
While love's ſoft ſympathy imparts
The tender tranſport of delight,
That beats in undivided hearts.

Reſpectful to his lips he preſt
Her yielded hand; in haſte away
Her yielded hand ſhe drew diſtreſt,
With looks that witneſs'd wild diſmay.

" Ah whence, fair excellence, thoſe fears?
" What terror unforeſeen alarms?"
" See! where a father's frown appears"—
She ſaid, and ſunk into his arms.

" My daughter! heavens! it cannot be—
" And yet it muſt—O dire diſgrace!
" ELVIRA have I liv'd to ſee
" Claſp'd in a peaſant's wild embrace?

" This daring guilt let death repay"—
His vengeful arm the javelin threw;
With erring aim it wing'd its way,
And far, by fate averted flew.

ELVIRA breathes—her pulſes beat,
Returning life illumes her eye;
Trembling, a father's view to meet,
She ſpies a reverend hermit nigh.

"Your wrath," she cries, "let tears assuage—
"Unheeded must ELVIRA pray?
"O let an injur'd father's rage
"This hermit's sacred presence stay!

"Yet deem not, lost in guilt and love,
"I plead to save my virgin fame;
"My weakness virtue might approve,
"And smile on nature's holy flame."

"O welcome to my hopes again,
"My son," the raptur'd hermit cries,
"I sought thee sorrowing on the plain,"—
And all the father fill'd his eyes.

"Art thou," the raging RAYMOND said,
"Of this audacious boy the sire?
"Curse on the dart that idly sped,
"Nor bade his peasant soul expire!"

"His peasant soul!"—indignant fire
Flash'd from the conscious father's eye,
"A gallant earl is ARMINE's sire,
"And know, proud chief, that earl am I.

"Tho' here, within the hermit's cell,
"I long have liv'd unknown to fame,
"Yet crouded camps and courts can tell—
"Thou too hast heard of EGBERT's name."

" Hah! EGBERT! he, whom tyrant rage
" Forc'd from his country's bleeding breaſt?
" The patron of my orphan age,
" My friend, my warrior ſtands confeſt!

" But why?—The painful ſtory ſpare,
" That proſtrate youth, ſaid EGBERT, ſee;
" His anguiſh aſks a parent's care,
" A parent, once who pitied thee!"

RAYMOMD, as one, who glancing round,
Seems from ſome ſudden trance to ſtart,
Snatch'd the pale lovers from the ground,
And held them trembling to his heart.

Joy, gratitude, and wonder ſhed,
United tears o'er hymen's reign,
And nature her beſt triumph led,
For love and virtue join'd her train.

THE END.

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